Reluctant? Better! It connoted modesty yielding to compliance - surrender!

However, intensive covered everything from the initial stubborn perversity that made injection necessary to the sensation of the injection itself. It was more aesthetically pleasing. Poets were said to be INTENSIVE.

Unlike shouting slogans from posters plastered on doors and windows while meanwhile, in the real world, patients went to Mental HELL on cocktails of legal and illegal drugs - from the sale of ALL of which they ($CAMH) got a significant cut none of which made its way back to the street but straight to self-righteous cons who squatted at antique boardroom tables in so-called incubators (like and including Mars Discovery District) and gang fucked.

But hey, the aptly named CAPPOni SISTERS (one of whom had died recently - the GENIUS who invented CLEAN AIR AMBASSADORS - good riddance!) worked for $CAMH! So it must have been all right!

But it wasn't. It was the quintessential evil - a black hole in reality, nothing. The more they constructed themselves in media, the more they cried CURE! like that other doomed fool who cried WOLF - or was it FIRE?! - the more Trixie spouted bromides instead of telling them the truth - the more obvious their nothingness became.

Watch out though, if they ever really got THE CURE. They wouldn't even know, because they'd be NOTHING too - they'd be DEAD. That was the cure they'd been hovering dangerously "on the cusp of" for decades.

Watch out for it! The BIG BREAKTHROUGH!

*****

Visions of Dr. Praetorius, Great Man